

Terms of Subscription.
DAILY AND SUNDAY—One month, \$5.
SUNDAY—Three months, \$15; one year, \$50.
SUNDAY—One year, \$50.
SEMI-WEEKLY—(in advance) one year, \$10; six months, \$5.
Subscribers wishing address of paper changed must give former as well as present address.
All papers are continued until explicit order is received to discontinue. All arrears must be paid in every case.
The Herald can be obtained at these places:
New York—Waldorf-Astoria; Imperial; Astor House.
Chicago—The Auditorium; Palmer House; Great Northern Hotel.
Kansas City—Cotter House.
Omaha—Union Depot; McLaughlin & Co.; E. C. Gates; Bimrose Book Exchange; Megeath Stationery Co.
Denver—Brown Palace; Hamilton & Kendrick; Union Depot; S. Weinstein.
Oakland—N. Wheatley News Co.
San Francisco—Hotel St. Francis.
Sacramento—Sacramento News Co.
Los Angeles—B. E. Amos Wagon; Hotel Lankershim.
Minneapolis—West Hotel.
St. Louis—Cotter House; G. L. Ackerman; The Southern.
Seattle—Hotel Seattle; International News Co.; W. Ellis.
Spokane—J. W. Graham & Co.
Tacoma—International News Co.
Portland—A. Rafter; Oregon News Co.

WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE.
Rain or snow.
THE METALS.
Silver, 54c per ounce.
Copper (cast), 20c per pound.
Copper (cathodes), 24c per pound.
Lead, 9c per 100 pounds.

SWears He'll Never Consent.

A Chicago paper yesterday published a dispatch from Washington in which it was stated "upon the highest authority," undoubtedly meaning the authority of the president himself, that Mr. Roosevelt would shortly issue another declaration of his determination not to become again a candidate for the presidency. This is to be the result of the numerous declarations that have been made in favor of Roosevelt recently by federal office-holders. Let it not be understood, though, that the president is not going to take a hand, and a powerful hand, in the Republican national convention.

The impression prevails quite generally that Mr. Roosevelt is behind the Taft candidacy. Statements to this effect have been repeatedly made, and they have never been denied by any one in authority. Mr. Roosevelt has a notion that Taft will make the most popular candidate the Republicans can name, but if Senator Foraker succeeds in his avowed determination to prevent an endorsement of Taft by the Ohio convention there will fall a blighting frost on the Taft ambition.

This would not distress the president in the least if he could be sure the defeat of Taft would mean the nomination of Root. Mr. Roosevelt at heart is for Root, if he is sincere in the extraordinary kind things he has said about his secretary of state. In various speeches the president has pronounced Root the ablest man of his acquaintance, with possibly a mental reservation in favor of himself. Nor does anybody question Mr. Root's ability, though not many would go as far as the president has gone in praising him.

But before Mr. Root became secretary of state he was a corporation lawyer, the personal attorney of Thomas F. Ryan of New York and of other well-known corporation men. To the secretary's credit it must be said that he gave up an income running into hundreds of thousands of dollars annually from his law practice in order to serve his country at a salary of \$12,000 a year. It was only \$3,000 when he first went in. Root is out of the running, though, because of his former corporation connections. His nomination would be little short of miraculous, and his election would even more nearly approach that description.

Fairbanks will make a fight, but he will lose for the very reasons that put Mr. Root out. Colonel Henry Watterson figures that the only real Republican possibility is Hughes of New York. He thinks Hughes is about the one man the Republicans would have a chance to elect, and it is not improbable that the Republicans will come around to his way of thinking.

PRISON FOR A SCORCHER.

The son of a New York millionaire was sent to prison for twenty days by a magistrate last week because he ran his automobile at a greater rate of speed than the limit the law allowed. It was his third offense. On the other occasion he was merely fined. It is entirely probable, when he gets out of jail, he will have a wholesome respect for the speed regulations. It is also probable that the punishment imposed upon him will act as a healthy deterrent to other automobile scorchers.

Under the circumstances the penalty was not unreasonable. The young man was whirling along at a rate approaching a mile a minute when he was arrested. In a densely populated district such driving constitutes a most serious menace to the rights of citizens who do not ride in automobiles, even of those who do. The imposition of a fine is not a penalty at all to a rich man. He has only to open his purse, pay the amount demanded by the law and then speed merrily on his way.

Imprisonment is different. Besides the stigma attached to a jail sentence—and the stigma attaches regardless of the offense for which the sentence is imposed—the automobilist is deprived of the privilege of driving his car. Also he has an abundance of leisure in which to reflect on the error of his way. And when he gets out again he is prepared to be reasonably respectful of the rights of others.

The automobile has grown in popularity in Salt Lake during the last two or three years. At least a dozen cars are in use this year where one was in

use two years ago. With the increase in the number of cars has come an increase in the danger of accidents, an increase in the number of individuals who drive recklessly.

In the hands of a competent chauffeur an automobile going at the rate of thirty miles an hour is far less dangerous to pedestrians and others than a horse being driven at the rate of ten miles an hour. An automobile, properly handled, can be stopped in practically its own length when going twenty-five miles an hour. A horse at ten miles an hour could hardly be stopped in less than fifty yards.

At the same time the speed regulations should be enforced. All the rights of the road do not belong to the automobilists. And owners of automobiles, speaking generally, are more than willing to obey all reasonable regulations. The scorchers are decidedly in the minority.

ANOTHER WORLD'S CHAMPION.

While the gain or the loss of a tennis championship can have no appreciable effect on progress or prosperity of the country, nevertheless the victory of young Jay Gould yesterday over his British opponent is cause for genuine satisfaction. The boy won the championship after a clean, hard fight. He seems entirely worthy of the honor for which he battled.

Tennis is by no means the molly-coddish game some people seem to think it is. There are mighty few better forms of exercise. Every muscle in the body is brought into play in tennis, and the sport requires in addition steady nerves, a quick, sure eye, and lots of stamina. No less renowned an athlete than President Roosevelt believes heartily in tennis, and practices what he preaches. Indeed, there are those that believe the way to the president's heart is through the tennis court.

The British have had long experience at tennis and many masters of the game. That an American boy should go over there and on his own ground defeat the international champion is enough to make us proud of him, rich man's son and grandson though he is. His old grandfather would have thought he was wasting his time in playing tennis, or in taking any other form of exercise. But Jay Gould died while still a comparatively young man, worn out with his never-ending battle for millions.

Young Gould is not going to make lawn tennis his life work. He plays it because he likes the game, because he gets useful hardening exercise from it. And when he is ready to take up his life work—his father wants to make a railroad man out of him—he will be better fitted for it because of his lawn tennis. For the tennis will have given him the robust health that is necessary to success in practically every line of endeavor.

The Herald believes in healthy exercise of every kind. It is even worth while to teach boys boxing, for boxing teaches them to stand hard knocks and look pleasant. It may also make it possible for them on occasion to protect themselves. The physical man or boy needs as much education and deserves as much care as the mental. The combination of a well-trained mind in a thoroughly sound body is all but invincible.

Here's to young Jay Gould. We are right glad he won, and we hope he'll retain the title as long as he wants it.

Over in Milwaukee the other day a husband filed suit for divorce because his wife, when she wanted to punish him, refused to talk. Now this is a decidedly unusual punishment, but it certainly cannot be called cruel. The divorce should be denied. That husband doesn't know what a good thing he has.

A mule and a bear got into a fight in a New York town the other day and the mule turned around, giving the bear the impression that it was about to run. The bear followed up its apparent advantage and hasn't alighted yet. If it comes down in good physical condition it will know better next time.

Cleveland society people seem determined to give the Pittsburghers a run for their doubtful honors. They have organized a Cat club, which employs manicurists to polish the nails of the cats that have the honor to be owned by the members.

What a shattering of traditions there was the other day at the Jamestown exposition when the governors of North Carolina and South Carolina met and discovered that they were both total abstainers. Wonder if the people of their states know it.

The president might let Secretaries Root and Taft draw straws for the nomination. That would be the fairest way out of the dilemma—provided, of course, he is sure he can give the nomination to either of them.

Senator Penrose says he did not discuss the alleged \$5,000,000 anti-Roosevelt fund with the president when he called on him the other day. Perhaps the senator prefers to let the money do the talking.

Things are going to the bad in Arkansas very rapidly. The other day there was a row in the house of representatives, and ink wells and glass tumblers were the only weapons used.

Says the Record-Herald: "Chancellor Day continues to criticize President Roosevelt just as if anybody took him seriously." The Record-Herald means Roosevelt, of course.

VICTIM OF LYNCHING.

(Chicago News.)
Green—I was the victim of a lynching party in Arizona once.
Brown—You don't say?
Green—Fact, I married the widow of a man who was strung up for horse stealing.

HUGHES THE DARK HORSE.

Henry Watterson Sees Only Hard Road for President.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)
Mr. Roosevelt has broken all the records. Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson and Arthur ago paled their ineffectual fires before him. He is a law unto himself. Nothing seems to make issues of veracity with things outright, or good things in the wrong way—backing and filling as the case requires—making issues of veracity with the proof against him—choicest in method, cynical in action—by turns a daring temporizer and a rash assailant—a practical politician among the most practical politicians, a reformer among purists—inconsistent as a conservative, illogical as a radical—there still exists in the popular mind a fixed belief in his essential virtue, in his good intentions, his integrity and his courage. His enemies would agree that if you offered him a bribe, he would knock you down.

Yet, nevertheless and notwithstanding the president is going to find Jordan a hard road to travel, and, in the end, if he is able to keep his party together and issue from the fray drums beating and flag flying, he will be fortunate indeed; because he can no more divert the Republican party from its nature, kill in it the reason of its being than he can out-Bryan Bryan in the estimation of the Democrats.

If the country wants a overthrowing of policies it will not go to the author of those policies for trained workmen and a chest of tools. The reason people may not be quite ripe for this overthrowing. Or they may consider that the Democrats are not ripe for it. Thus, there may be one more victory for the Republicans in 1908 as there was for the Democrats in 1904. But it will have to be gained by a change of riders and a straddle, for the talk about a "third term" is the purest nonsense, lacking the president behind it and having defeat before it, a figment of hot-partisanship which the patronage in esse cannot afford nor the discipline in posse will not brook. The best the president can hope for in the next national convention, in my judgment, is a dog-fall.

What is the Republican lawyer? From a distance it seems to be this: Taft, entered by the president, first choice of the ladies and gentlemen of the press. Stand; Fairbanks and Foraker, from the senate stables, backed by the knowing ones, and a fine of the country. Joe Cannon, from Illinois, for all that may be in sight; Knox to hold Pennsylvania for contingencies, and the list of entries not yet closed. In sporting parlance, such appears at long range to be about the size of it.

Eminent jurists make disappointing candidates. You may remember that before the last national Democratic convention I said something of this sort about Judge Parker. It is equally applicable to Judge Taft. Those who still insist that Mr. Roosevelt is secretly in favor of a third term might see a deep design in this. There are others who declare that he is under pledge to the secretary of state rather than the secretary of war. But great as Mr. Root's abilities and services must be conceded to be, the line which events have drawn upon the corporations makes the nomination of the most eminent of the corporation lawyers unlikely. He will be Taft against the field, and the field against Taft. But let it not be forgotten that Fairbanks is in the field, and that whoever is nominated will have to beat Fairbanks.

The vice president is an old, cool and a shifty hand at the bellows. He is the introduction of orthodox and conservative Republicanism. Indiana is a pivotal state. What Foraker may do to Taft in Ohio remains to be seen. In Ohio going back to beat Fairbanks, long shot? Beginning to show in the betting, to wit, Charles E. Hughes, governor of New York.

I met Governor, then Mr. Hughes, familiarly in Providence during the commencement of Brown university. I said to him: "The Republicans will nominate you for governor of New York Mr. Hughes. They don't want to, but they will have to. They can elect nobody else. Now, when you get to Albany give your days and nights to a close study of the career of Samuel J. Tilden, because you will stand precisely in the relation to the presidential nomination of 1908 on the Republican side which Mr. Tilden stood to on the Democratic side in 1876. The issue which made Tilden the Democratic presidential nominee. The issue which is going to make you a Republican governor of New York will make you the Republican nominee for president. They will no more want you for president than they want you for governor. But they'll have to take you. The issue of the time and the situation of the party will force them."

Governor Hughes seems to have learned the Tilden lesson pretty well already, and the rest will take care of itself. It seems a kind of irony of fate that the Democratic party should be so ill-prepared to take advantage of the situation. Have we, indeed, in the old historic sense a Democratic party? The south is held together under the Democratic label by the race question, and the race question alone. At the north we see two factions, neither of which will vote for the other. Yet, as a party platform, the constitution of the United States ought to be broad enough for each of these elements to stand upon, and "Back to the constitution" a rallying cry reaching all minds and hearts, carrying yet some memory of the music which filled the souls of the fathers of Democracy.

PRAYER.

(Milwaukee Sentinel.)
Lord, help us on our world way,
From day to day;
Let not temptation come and away,
From day to day.
Cast out the heathen in our hearts,
Help each and all to play their parts,
Drive out grim sorrow's piercing darts,
From day to day.

Smooth on the causeways every stone
From day to day;
Lead weary feet and thy throne
From day to day.
Shed on our way thy kindly light,
Let not level's blossoms suffer blight,
And give us hope in darkest night,
Is what we pray.

Remove dear Lord the thorns that spring
Along the way;
The thorns we meet in wandering
From day to day.
Let all the love from thy dear eyes
Look down upon us from the skies,
When we, sin-stained, see tempters rise
From day to day.

The road, O Lord, has been so long
From day to day;
And we have met so much of wrong
From day to day.
Keep well our hearts, steadfast and true,
Our angry passions all subdue;
Look down, O Lord, on me—and you—
From day to day.

CLEVER PARAGRAPHS.

No Hoodoo About This Job.
(Philadelphia Telegraph.)
How these presidential secretaries do get on. Lamont was Cleveland's, became a railroad magnate and died a millionaire; Cortelyou was McKinley's, and he is now secretary of the treasury; Loeb is Roosevelt's, and is to feather out in finance as a trolley administrator.

He Would Never Be Out of It.

(New York Herald.)
George Bernard Shaw says he would guillotine "the stingy rich." Does he ever stop to think how lucky he is that the day has gone by when they used the ducking stool for scolds?

But Roosevelt Does Neither.

(Baltimore Sun.)
President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton decides that the true wisdom of statesmanship is to say nothing and chew tobacco.

"Willie" Is About the Limit.

(Houston Post.)
"Dear Willie," wrote the president to Secretary Taft. It is possible the president regards his war minister a molly-coddle.

Sprinkling Tobacco Sauce on Them.

(Chicago News.)
President Roosevelt is getting so expert that he can recognize "undesirable citizens" as far as he can see them.

Went to White House Before Dinner.

(Newark Star.)
Senator Penrose didn't discuss the five-million-dollar conspiracy when he called on the president.

Must Think Fairbanks Has a Chance.

(Los Angeles Times.)
Who ever would have thought that Uncle Joe Cannon would come to be a tail for any man's kite?

Time for a Lot More of Criticism.

(New York Commercial.)
John F. Stevens says it will take six or seven years to complete the Panama canal.

He Is Not a Fragmentary Speaker.

(Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.)
A New York critic calls Mr. Stead a "fragmentary thinker."

In a Class by Himself.

(Chicago Tribune.)
It takes all kinds of people and Editor Stead to make a world.

ine for president. They will no more want you for president than they want you for governor. But they'll have to take you. The issue of the time and the situation of the party will force them.

Governor Hughes seems to have learned the Tilden lesson pretty well already, and the rest will take care of itself. It seems a kind of irony of fate that the Democratic party should be so ill-prepared to take advantage of the situation. Have we, indeed, in the old historic sense a Democratic party? The south is held together under the Democratic label by the race question, and the race question alone. At the north we see two factions, neither of which will vote for the other. Yet, as a party platform, the constitution of the United States ought to be broad enough for each of these elements to stand upon, and "Back to the constitution" a rallying cry reaching all minds and hearts, carrying yet some memory of the music which filled the souls of the fathers of Democracy.

PRAYER.

(Milwaukee Sentinel.)
Lord, help us on our world way,
From day to day;
Let not temptation come and away,
From day to day.
Cast out the heathen in our hearts,
Help each and all to play their parts,
Drive out grim sorrow's piercing darts,
From day to day.

Smooth on the causeways every stone
From day to day;
Lead weary feet and thy throne
From day to day.
Shed on our way thy kindly light,
Let not level's blossoms suffer blight,
And give us hope in darkest night,
Is what we pray.

Remove dear Lord the thorns that spring
Along the way;
The thorns we meet in wandering
From day to day.
Let all the love from thy dear eyes
Look down upon us from the skies,
When we, sin-stained, see tempters rise
From day to day.

The road, O Lord, has been so long
From day to day;
And we have met so much of wrong
From day to day.
Keep well our hearts, steadfast and true,
Our angry passions all subdue;
Look down, O Lord, on me—and you—
From day to day.

CLEVER PARAGRAPHS.

No Hoodoo About This Job.
(Philadelphia Telegraph.)
How these presidential secretaries do get on. Lamont was Cleveland's, became a railroad magnate and died a millionaire; Cortelyou was McKinley's, and he is now secretary of the treasury; Loeb is Roosevelt's, and is to feather out in finance as a trolley administrator.

He Would Never Be Out of It.

(New York Herald.)
George Bernard Shaw says he would guillotine "the stingy rich." Does he ever stop to think how lucky he is that the day has gone by when they used the ducking stool for scolds?

But Roosevelt Does Neither.

(Baltimore Sun.)
President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton decides that the true wisdom of statesmanship is to say nothing and chew tobacco.

"Willie" Is About the Limit.

(Houston Post.)
"Dear Willie," wrote the president to Secretary Taft. It is possible the president regards his war minister a molly-coddle.

Sprinkling Tobacco Sauce on Them.

(Chicago News.)
President Roosevelt is getting so expert that he can recognize "undesirable citizens" as far as he can see them.

Went to White House Before Dinner.

(Newark Star.)
Senator Penrose didn't discuss the five-million-dollar conspiracy when he called on the president.

Must Think Fairbanks Has a Chance.

(Los Angeles Times.)
Who ever would have thought that Uncle Joe Cannon would come to be a tail for any man's kite?

Time for a Lot More of Criticism.

(New York Commercial.)
John F. Stevens says it will take six or seven years to complete the Panama canal.

He Is Not a Fragmentary Speaker.

(Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.)
A New York critic calls Mr. Stead a "fragmentary thinker."

In a Class by Himself.

(Chicago Tribune.)
It takes all kinds of people and Editor Stead to make a world.

IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA

For fathers and mothers to explain to the children what The Herald's savings bank proposition is. Let the child go out some morning and get a subscriber for The Herald for one year. On the day the order comes in a dollar will be placed in the bank to the boy's credit. At the end of the year when the account for the paper is paid in full, another dollar will be deposited on the account. Isn't that easy money?

WRITE FOR A BLANK

WIVES WHO LIVE IN DREAD.
(Kansas City Star.)
When railroad wrecks occur the fireman may jump, but the engineer, if he is faithful to his trust, must stay by the throttle. To do this means death in many cases. No one knows this better than the engineer's wife. The engineers say that they become indifferent to danger and lose all dread of accidents and death. Their wives, it seems, are the ones who live most in fear.

Engineer's wives are not happy—if they love their husbands. Many of them will admit that a shadow rests on their lives, if you ask them in confidence. Their husbands, perhaps, do not know it.

"I do not care to make my husband miserable, what little time he is at home, complaining of his profession," said an engineer's wife. "I never knew of an engineer quitting the business for his wife or any one else but once. I heard of a man who gave up the road at the solicitation of his sweetheart. But after they had been married a few years he went back and was killed in a wreck."

"My husband has been an engineer on a fast mail train for nearly thirty years," said a woman with an unhappy face. "I have found that being an engineer's wife is a kind of semi-widowhood. The only time that I am absolutely sure that I am not a widow is the two or three days out of each week that my husband is at home."

"When we were first married he ran a switch engine in the yards and was at home every day. There wasn't so much danger of accident in that. I hoped that he would always run one of those busy little engines with a head-light on both ends."

"By my husband was ambitious, like other engineers. He was not satisfied with work in the yards. I shall never forget the day that he came home and told me that he had been promoted to the road. He seemed very much pleased. I hid my feelings and made an effort to share his pleasure with him."

"The life of an engineer's wife is made up of many sad farewells. Each time that I see my husband leave it is with the thought that this may be his last trip. I believe that I owe my gray hairs to those hundreds of times that I have had to say good by."

"A Case of Brain Storm, Judge—Like Thaw."
(Atlanta Constitution.)
"I can prove by an alienist," said the lawyer in the Billville justice court, "that my client was insane when he stole the mule. In other words, he was suffering from brain storm, for which the mule was responsible, having kicked him in the head while he was creeping up to put a halter on the mule."

"He was sane enough to get on the mule's back and ride away, wasn't he?" asked the justice.

"Yes, your honor, but right there he is entitled to the mercy of the court, for the mule pitched him head over heels and broke two of his ribs."

EXAMPLES.

(Washington Star.)
"Do you think that the law very often imprisons innocent men?"
"Yes. Look at the people who have to serve as jurors in capital cases."

ANCHORED.

(Young's Magazine.)
Papa was becoming impatient at the lateness of the hour when he remarked: "I can't see why that young fellow who is calling on Minnie hasn't sense enough to go home. It's near midnight."

The dear little brother of the family just then came in, heard his father's remark, and ventured some light:

"He can't go, father. Sister's sitting on him."

AMERICANS PROFANEST.

(New York American.)
Dr. Madison C. Peters in his sermon in the Majestic theatre declared that profanity was New York's most popular sin. "In fact," he said, "the Americans are the profanest people in the world."

"A distinguished missionary from India, upon his return to America, heard a man using profane language, and, accusing him, said: 'This boy was born and brought up in a heathen land, but in all his life he never heard a man blaspheme until now.'"

"This is a utilitarian age. We ask, does swearing pay?"
"Men tell me that they don't mean anything by their profanity. When people are awake and do things without meaning to do them they give visible signs of insanity."

EVERY DAY IS BARGAIN DAY

WITH

HARRIS

THE STATE STREET FURNITURE DEALER.

It does not take a special sale to make this store popular. Everything is so ticketed that we feel safe in telling you that it is worth the money we ask for it, and you can pay as little or as much as you please—you are bound to get value received. We have the most complete stock of Carpets and Furniture in the city, and we welcome your most exacting inspection. Come in any day.

IT'S ALWAYS BARGAIN DAY AT

Harris Furniture & Carpet Co.

234-236 SOUTH STATE